### SWALLOW AND FAIRY.

All the summer will a swallow
Flit my chimney out and in;
Day and day together
Singing in the sunny weather,
With her shining eye and preened feather,
She is going—she has been.
But when the air gets sharp and thin,
And her ways the snowflakes follow,
Where's the swallow—where's the swallow?

Love's green summer has a fairy
Flitting visions out and in;
Be it waking, sleeping,
Ever is she tripping, peeping,
Mists of glory round her sweeping,
She is going—she has been.
But when there's beard upon the chin,
Wolf to fight, and care to carry,
Where's the fairy—where's the fairy?
—Chicago Current.

### HER WAGES AS WIFE.

[Phrenological Journal.]

"Well, Nettie, what do you want?" said Mr. Jarvis to his wife, who stood looking rather anxiously at him, after he had paid the factory hands their week's wages.

"Why, Donald," said she "I thought as I had worked for you all the week, I would come for my wages, too. You pay Jane $2 a week, surely I can earn that, and I would like very much to have it as my own."

"Pshaw, Nettie, how ridiculous you talk. You know that all I have belongs to you and the children—and don't I furnish the house everything? What under the sun would you do with the money if you had it?"

"I know, Donald, that you buy the necessaries for us all, and I am willing that you should do so still; but I should like a little money of my very own. We have been married fifteen years, and in all that time I do not seem to have earned $1. As far as money is concerned I might as well be a slave. I can not buy a quart of berries or a book without asking you for the money, and I should like to be a little more independent."

Mr. Jarvis, proprietor of Jarvis' mills, worth thousands and thousands of dollars, laughed derisively.

"You're a fine one to talk of independence," he said. "If you would start out to make your living, you'd fetch up at the poor-house soon enough, for what could you do to earn a living? The girls in the factory know how to do their work, and they earn their wages. When I have paid them off my duty is done, but I have to board and clothe you and take care of you when you are sick. If I had to do that for the girls, I would have precious little money left, I can tell you."

"Donald, I gave up a good trade when I married you. For five years I had supported myself by it, and many a time since I have envied myself the purse of those days. As for my not earning anything now, I leave it to you to say whether it would be possible to hire another to take my place; and how much do you suppose it would cost to do without me a year? I know the girls have little after paying their expenses but they enjoy that little so much. Allie Watson supports herself and mother with her wages, and they both dress better than I do. Jennie Hart is helping her father to pay the mortgage on the farm, and she is happy that she can do so. Even Jane the kitchen girl, has more freedom than I, for out of her own money she is laying by presents for her relatives, and will send them Christmas. Yesterday an Indian woman was at the house with such handsome beadwork to sell, and although I wanted some very much I had not a dollar. I felt like crying when Jane bought a half a dozen of the articles I wanted so much. You often say that all you have is mine, but $5 would have given me more pleasure yesterday than your hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property did."

"No doubt of that, Mrs. Jarvis. You have no idea of the value of money, and would have enjoyed buying a lot of bead trash that would not be worth a cent to anybody. Jane needs a guardian if she fools away her money like that. She will be in the County Poor House yet if she don't look out. It's very lucky, indeed, that the men do hold the money, for there's not one woman in a hundred who knows how to use it!"

"For shame, Donald Jarvis! You know better. Look at Jerry and Milly Cregg, will you, and say that he makes the best use of his money. She is at home with her parents every night, making her wages go as far as possible toward making them comfortable, while he is carousing in the village wasting his time and money, and making a brute of himself besides. And why does Mrs. Sarton come to receive her husband's wages herself? Simply because he can not get by the saloon with money in his pocket, and if she did not get the money they would all go hungry to bed after his wages were paid. And I believe that every woman who earns money here, spends it as wisely as the average man, and I have yet to hear one of them being in debt."

Mr. Jarvis knew that he could not gainsay a word his wife had said, for they were all true. Luckily he thought of Jane.

"Well, how much do you suppose Jane will have left when New Year comes? If she got sick how long could she pay for such care as you have?

"It is not likely she will lay up many dollars out of $100 a year; but she is laying up something better, I think. Last winter she sent her mother a warm shawl and a pair of shoes, and to her brother and sister new school-books, and the warm, loving letters they send her do her more good than twice the amount of money in the bank would. This year she is laying away a number of useful and pretty things for them, and if any misfortune should happen to Jane they would only be too glad to help her."

"Well, who do you suppose would help you if you needed help?" said Mr. Jarvis, for want of a better question. Mrs. Jarvis' eyes sparkled angrily as she answered:

"Nobody. If you should lose your property to-day, I should be a beggar, without a claim on any one for help. You have always held your purse strings so tightly that it has been hard enough to ask for my own necessities, leaving others out altogether. Many a time a dollar or two would have enabled me to do some poor man or woman untold good; but although you have always said that all property was mine, I never could, and can not now, command a dollar of it."

"Lucky you couldn't, if you wanted to spend it on beggars."

"Donald, you know that I would spend money as wisely as you do. Who was it that only last week gave a poor, lame beggar $5 to pay his fare to Burton and then saw him throw his crutches away and make for the nearest saloon? Your wife could not do worse if trusted with a few dollars. You say that the money is all mine, yet you spend as you please, while I can not spend a dollar without asking you for it and telling what I want it for. Any beggar can get it in the same way! Christmas you bought presents for us and expected us to be grateful for them. A shawl for me, the very color I can not wear; a set of furs for Lucy that she did not need; a drum for Robin that has been a nuisance ever since; and a lot of worthless toys that are broken up in a week. There were $40 or $50 of my money just the same as thrown away; yet, when I ask you to trust me with $2 a week, you can not imagine what use you have for it, and fear it will be wasted. I am sure I can not spend $50 more foolishly if I tried to."

"Well," snapped the proprietor, "I guess it is my own money, and I can spend it as I please. I guess you'll know it, too, when you get another present."

"Oh, it is your money, then. I understood you to say it was all mine, and so pretended to protest against your spending it so foolishly. If it is your own, of course you have a right to spend it as you please, but it seems to me that a woman who left parents and brothers and sisters, and all her friends to make a home for you among strangers, a woman who has given her whole life to you for fifteen years, may be looked upon with as much favor as you give to beggars, who are very likely to be imposters. I know that you seldom turn them off without help. Perhaps I would be more successful if I appealed to you as a beggar. I might say, 'Kind sir, please allow me out of your abundant means a small pittance for my comfort. It is true I have enough to eat and do not suffer for clothing; but although I work for my master from morning till night, and if his children happen to be sick, from night till morning again, yet he does not pay me as much as he does his cook, and I am often greatly distressed for want of a trifling sum which he would not mind giving to a perfect stranger. The other day while he was away from home I had to go to the next station to see a dear friend who was ill, and, not having $1 of my own, I was obliged to borrow the money from his cook. I was so mortified. And not long since the berry woman came with such nice berries to sell, and my little girl who was not well, wanted some very badly, but I had not even five cents to pay for a handful for her. Yesterday a friend came to ask me to assist in a work of charity. It was a worthy object, and I longed so much to give a little money for so good a purpose, but though the wife of so rich a man I had no money. Of course I might ask my husband for money, and if I told him about what I wanted of it and he approved of my purpose, and was in good humor, he would give it to me, but, sir, it is terribly slavish to have to do so, even if I could run to him every time I wanted a thing. People say I am a fortunate woman because I am rich; but I often envy the factory girls their ability to earn and spend their own money. And sometimes I get so wild thinking of my helplessness that if it were not for my children I think I would drop into the river and end it all.'"

"Nettie! Nettie Jarvis! What are you saying?" cried the startled husband at last, for the far-away look in her eyes as if she did not see him, but was looking to some higher power to help her, touched his pride if it did not his heart, for he had a great deal of pride in a selfish sort of way. He was proud to be able to support his family as well as he did. He was proud that when his children needed shoes he could tell his wife to take them to Crispin's and get what they needed. He did it with a flourish. He was not one of the stingy kind: he liked to spend money; and when Nettie, who was once the most spirited young lady of his acquaintance, came meekly to him for a dress or cloak, he was sometimes tempted to refuse her money just to show her how helpless she was without him. Yes, he was proud of his family, and wanted them to feel how much they depended upon him. He would have felt aggravated if anyone had left his wife a legacy, thus allowing her to be free in her purse. The idea of her earning money, as his other work-folks did, never entered his mind. He "supported her," that was his idea of their relations! He never had happened to think that it was very good of her to take his money and spend it for the good of himself and children. He never had thought that any other woman would have wanted big pay for doing it. He had even thought himself very generous for allowing her money to get things to make the family comfortable. Things began to look differently to him just now. Could it be that he was not generous, not even just to his wife? Had he paid her so poorly for fifteen years of faithful labor for him that she had been obliged to begin the world for herself that day it would have been as a penniless woman?

How fast he thought, standing there at the office window, looking down at the little houses where the mill hands lived. Could it be that he was not as good a man as he thought? He had felt deeply the wrongs of the slave, who labors had been appropriated by their masters, and when a negro who had worked twenty years for his master before the emancipation freed him came to Jarvis' mills friendless and penniless, the heart of the proprietor swelled with indignation at such injustice. He was eloquent on the subject at home and abroad, about how one could be so cruel and selfish to commit such an outrage against justice. He had called him a robber many a time, but now Donald Jarvis looked to himself very much like the old slave holder. Massa Brown had taken the proceeds of Cuffee's labor for his own without even a "thank you" for it. True, when Cuffee ate he had given him food, when he was sick he had given him medicine, and he had clothed him, too, just as he himself thought best. Mr. Jarvis had married a lovely, conscientious woman, and for fifteen years had appropriated her labors. Her recompense had been food and clothes such as he thought best for her; a little better than Cuffee's, perhaps, but the similarity of the cases did not please him. He had expected his wife to be very grateful for what he had done for her, but now he wondered that she had not rebelled long ago. Had his life been a mistake? Had his wife no more money or liberty than Cuffee had in bondage? Was Donald Jarvis no better than Massa Brown?"

His brain seemed to be in a muddle, and he looked so strangely that his wife anxious to break the spell, took his arm, saying, "Let us go home, dear; tea must be waiting for us." He put on his hat in a dream, and then walked home in silence. The children ran joyously to meet them. The yard was so fresh and green and the flowers so many and bright that he wondered he had never thanked Nettie for them all. Hitherto he had looked upon them as his, but now he felt that his interest in them was only a few dollars that would not have amounted to anything without his wife's care. His children were tidy and sweet, and everywhere around and in the house had that cheery look that rested him so after the hard dull day at the mill. They sat again at the table that had been a source of comfort and pleasure to him for so many years, and he wondered how he could have enjoyed it so long without even thanking the woman who had provided it. True, she had his money in bringing it about, but how else could his money be of use to him? Who else could have turned it into just what he needed for years? And he began to have an undefined feeling that it took more than money to make a home. He glanced at his wife's face as he buttered his last slice of bread.

It was not that of the fair, rosy bride whom he had brought to the mills years before, but at that moment he realized it was far more dear to him, for he knew that she had given the bloom and freshness of her youth to make her home what it was. His daughters had her rose leaf cheeks, his sons her youthful beauty, all had her cheerful, winsome ways, and comforted him now as she had in those days when, hardly knowing what care meant, she had loved for him alone. And a new thought came to him. "Who was comforting her now when she had so much care?" Was not that what she had promised to do when he brought her from her old home? He sighed as he thought how fair he had drifted from her while in bondage equal to Cuffee's. Nay, he felt that her chains were far more binding than any which had ever held the negro, and that his obligations to her were so much the greater.

Something called the children out of doors, and Mr. Jarvis took his easy chair. His wife came and stood beside him. "I fear are not not well, Donald; are you displeased with me?"

He drew her into his arms and told her how her words had showed him what manner of man he was and there were words spoken that need not be written, but from that day forth a different man was proprietor of the Jarvis Mills, and there was a brighter light in Mrs. Jarvis' eyes, for at last she had something of her own, nor has she regretted that she "applied for wages."

#### A Seed-Bed for Grain.

In fitting corn and potato stubble for oats and barley, time may be saved and a better seed bed obtained, writes a correspondent of the Country Gentleman, by merely cultivating the soil to a depth of three or four inches, and dispensing with deep plowing. I tried this plan a year ago both for barley and oats, and of barley I never grew a larger crop than by this method. I used the gang plow, turning three furrows from three to four inches deep. At a greater depth it needs three horses to do good work, but if the ground is level enough I think that three inches is deep enough. It is better to use this kind of plow than the spring drag, for in all stubble ground there are numerous small weeds, which might escape anything but complete, though shallow, subversion to the soil. But I would not have my corn and potato stubble plowed deeply for spring grain, if anyone would do the work for nothing. Every farmer has noticed the fine tilth of naked land for two or three inches near the surface, where repeated thawing and freezing have pulverized it. This fine soil makes a rich seedbed, and to this, as much as anything else, is due the fine crop of oats and barley sown on fall-plowed land. When this is replowed deeply, the richest soil is turned under, where the plant does not easily or quickly get hold of it. Fall-plowed land is seldom, if ever, replowed in the spring. It is fitted for seeding with the drag or cultivator only. A corn or potato stubble is in just the same position as fall-plowed land, except that around the hills of corn there is, even with even culture, a little elevation, which requires to be smoothed down. A sprng-toothed drag does this perfectly; it can be put on before the ground is dry enough to plow. A half day's work with a spring tooth drag will let air and light to the soil, breaking the crust that has formed on the surface, and causing it to dry out much more rapidly. We do not want a deep seed bed for spring grain but a rich one. Nor should the seed be put in deep. The drill wheels will sink in mellow soil two or three inches, and thus cause the tubes to bury the grain much deeper than the grain is set for. This is especially injurious when grain is drilled in dry time and heavy rains follow after. The freshly plowed earth is in such fine tilth that the drill buries the seed deeper than the farmer thinks. With a heavy rain compacting the surface and excluding light and air, the seed perishes, or sends up a weak, spindling plant. A rain after plowing and before drilling is generally deplored as it prevents the seed being got in so early; but if the rain is coming and especially if weather and soil be cold, the seed will be better after than before it.

#### Hints for the Hay Field.

A few short and pithy rules for making the best of hay might just now be repeated, as follows: Get the meadows into good condition, without a day's unavoidable delay; watch the grass closely, and cut it before the seed is formed—just when the blossom is fading. Cut it as soon as the dew is off, but not while it is damp. Before the evening dew falls upon it rake it up and put it in cocks holding about 300 pounds each. If rain threatens, cover the cocks safely with hay caps. Take in no hay until all has been cut and cocked. The hay will cure in the best manner in the cock, and it may stay a week without harm if covered with the caps. When ready to draw it to the barn, uncover the cocks and throw them over and open them. Have one person doing this, while the others are loading and drawing in. Do not stack it, but place it under a tight roof, if it is only a barrack, open at the sides. Uncover only what can be drawn in one day. As soon as the field is clear, give it a top-dressing of compost or some artificial fertilizer; but do not turn the cows upon it—it would pay better to buy some hay from a neighbor. This last rule applies to the next year's crop, but it is rightly placed here, because next year would be too late to use it. It is of the greatest importance, and should by no means be omitted. Finally, gather the hay caps together, dry them, if necessary; lay them evenly one upon another; roll them up; bind them in the roll, and store them in a dry place where no mice can knaw holes in them It would be an excellent thing to steep them in a solution of alum and sugar or lead, to preserve and make them waterproof.

#### Catarrh

Is a very prevalent and exceedingly disagreeable disease, liable, if neglected, to develop into serious consumption. Being a constitutional disease, it requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, effecting a radical and permanent cure of catarrh in even its most severe forms. Made only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sarsaparilla.—Three pounds of sugar, three ounces of tartaric acid, one ounce of cream of tartar, one ounce of flour, one ounce of essence of sarsaparilla, three quarts of water. Strain and bottle it; then let it stand ten days before using.

#### "Consumption Cure"

Would be a truthful name to give to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the most efficacious medicine yet discovered for arresting the early development of pulmonary disease. But "consumption cure" would not sufficiently indicate the scope of its influence and usefulness. In all the many disesses which spring from a derangement of the liver and blood the "Discovery" is a safe and sure specific. Of all druggists.

Cure for a Felon.—Saturate a bit of grated wild turnip the size of a bean with turpentine and apply it to the affected part. It will relieve the pain at once and destroy the felon in twelve hours.

A medicine that operates on the kidneys, the liver and the stomach, the great organs of the human structure, must necessarily possess properties of the greatest value. The fame that Mishler's Herb Bitters has acquired rests in a large measure upon the power of dealing with troubles of these functions. It is an absolute cure for disorders of the liver and for kidney complaints, while as a stomachic it has proved its worth in a thousand cases.

Why suffer with Malaria? Emory's Standard Cure Pills are infallible, never fail to cure the most obstinate cases: purely vegetable; 25 cents.

Allen's Brain Food, Botanical Extract, positively cures nervous debility and all weakness of general system; either sex. $1; 6 for $5. Druggists, or by mail from J. H. Allen, 315 First avenue, New York.